

Letters From Earth

An Honors Creative Project (HONORS 499)

by

Sandra R. Sweany

Dr. Richard G. Brown

Richard D. Brown

Ball State University

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LETTERS FROM EARTH

BY

SANDRA R. SWEANY

INTRODUCTION

When creating a book of poetry, one of the most difficult tasks is that of finding a suitable title. I began writing poetry at a young age, but it was not until I entered college that I dreamed of becoming a published poet. The opportunity presented itself, and here it is, a piece of work that contains the very soul of an individual, namely myself. Presenting poems to the public is not a simple thing for a closet poet to do. Each poem exposes the ideas, emotions, and very life of its creator. Letters from Earth earned its title because of the nature of the poems. Each of my poems was written with an audience in mind, despite my inhibitions to ever share them. The audience was the Maker and the made. Even if the poems were about a specific person, I never intended anyone to see them, except those who could not help but see. Letters from Earth are just that, letters from the poet to whomever that chooses to read them. My purpose in coming out of the closet is simple, not for recognition, but that someone might be challenged to view life differently or find that someone else has written a letter to express the feelings that they could not release themselves. May my Letters inspire you through Him that inspires me.

Sandra R. Sweany
April 1992

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MY PHILOSOPHY

Ontheology

I am I AM,

He said.

I am yours, I AM,

I replied

I made you to be all that I AM,

He said.

Mold me into what I AM,

I replied.

I AM so that YOU ARE,

He said.

I don't understand what YOU ARE, I AM

I replied.

Then be still and know that YOU ARE,

Instructed I AM.

Life Seen Through the Eyes of Pain

A poem, an analogy of life.
A poet trying to find sense out of chaos.
An analogy for moments of joy.
comparison to express praise.
A metaphor to analyze sadness.
One emotion cannot be broken down.
There is nothing to parallel pain.
Pain is a constant,
A beginning element to life.
A new creation has pain in releasing old.
There is pain in Love, Divine Love.
A love bound by blood and pain.
The meaning of Life found in Pain.

To the Incarnation of Music to Poetry

The blank page stared out with starkness,
Waiting for the creation.
Smooth strokes of lead words,
Words transformed into the creation of poetry.
Poetry, the music of the soul,
Touches the core of my inner being.
Like a man entranced by a siren's song,
I go to the blank page
And translate the melody to words,
Poetry.

To the Interlocking of Minds

Logical thinking pushed upon emotion.
Interworkings of a brain becoming whole.
Reason forced upon the imagination.
The two not opposing, but complimentary.
For Creativity bound to Logic
Loses its boundaries.
And Reason can only come to life
When connected to the power source of Imagination.
What better lovers than these two.
No passion too great.
No challenge unmet.
Every exploit an adventure.
Logic has no weakness, but Imagination.
And Creativity requires the support of Reason.
The marriage of True Minds, barring all impediments.

To the Definition of Love

When searching for a metaphor
For an emotion as intense as Love,
One can only fall short.
The great poetic minds
Set their definitions to fantastic
Patterns of rhythm and rhyme.
Some opted for simplistic nature.
Still others weave tales of true romance,
The emphasis on joy and pain.
So how can I, a mere human,
Present an immortal image of Love?
Quite simply as
An eternal circle of braided rope,
Dangling from a light fixture.

To the Union of War

Wars raging around and within.
Nations collide in bitter struggle.
The battle of minds and hearts.
The ever-darkening sky
Signifying the end of a day,
The beginning of night.
The first fireworks flash
Their bright lights within the night air.
The joining of nations within
The battle of body and souls.
Planes piloting in and out of battle.
The rythm of the attack.
Cries of victory.
Weakened bodies a small cost.
With the dawn comes new hope,
Hope that one day soon
The nations will be as one
United within War.

TO THE PASSAGE OF TIME

To the Simple Complexity of Life

Life is a severe complexity.
A never-ending battle to prove oneself.
An endless war against one's own soul.
Evil always stabbing with its scorn.
A struggle which inevitably end in defeat.

A light illuminates the darkness.
A ray of hope in the dim corners of the mind.
An outstretched hand, a warm embrace,
A breath of Love reviving Life eternal.
The simplicity of Life restored.

To the Degrees of Life

A process of learning.
Not a matter of years of credits,
As a basis for a degree.
A willful soul is the standard.
Classes are credit, no credit.
A person does not chose the classes.
They are given to him as he needs them.
Many teachers instruct towards the Test.
Lessons of love, peace, and commitment,
A commitment to a lifetime degree.
To what degree do you strive?

To Eternal Teachings

In the middle of the over-grown field
Sets a small brick building.
Approaching it, the faint sound of children,
Coming from the desolate field.

A rusty bell lies dormant,
As it calls to the children.
Stairs which groan with each foot.
Shufflings of little feet resound
In the empty, solitary room.

Sitting at a desk, recitations fill the ear.
Repetitions of by-gone days binding souls
From all ages, for all time.
A female voice rises, leading us all.
Squeaks of chalk upon the blackboard

Dissipate becoming the language of a mouse,
As it scurries across the dilapidated boards
To its home within the wall
Of the brick building
Block of Education.

To the Poem

Words combined to form an analogy.
Phrases and fragments fissured together
To create a work of art, a poem.
A poem laced with many meanings.

The poem remains on the shelf.
Many hands touch the verse,
But none comprehend its soul.
The poem can only remain true to its self.

One understands and sees every meaning
And finds beauty therein.
Only the Poet fully fathoms
The depth and loves His poem.

To my Bark

My life is an empty vessel,
A small bark on the ocean of mortality.
Sailing from port to port,
Collecting cargo for the journey.
My Captain guiding through tempests.
The Captain steering alone with no crew.
Night falls beneath a starlit sky.
In darkness my vessel passes by ships.
Sometimes colliding into the rocks.
The Captain makes amends
And my ship sets sail again.
A small crew assembles to aid the ship.
The winds increase their fury.
The sky blackens in anger.
The tempest swells with jealousy.
Mutiny!
The crew flees.
As the Captain goes down with His ship.

To My Self

Lonely soul, set adrift to wander
And wonder where you are
And where you are going.
The pictures that come are not
Sent to destroy, but heal.
Memories are to shed light
On the hazy Future.
The present tempest is but a damp fog
To the storms of the Past.
The Present is a gift
Not to be cast aside in sorrow,
But to be opened, savored, and
Lived to the fullest potential
Before it becomes a past to dim the
Future.

To this Temple of God

Never forget who's in your walls.
The slow rhythmic beatings
Of a repaired hear,
Signifying the Life within.
A quiet voice of reassurance.
Remindance of a presence
Ever-Present.
Dwell within this temple, O God,
Make it Your home,
Therefore creating Mine.

To the Tempest, Life

The tide moves along its endless journey.
Upon a rock rests a frail figure.
Though she sits alone, she is not.
The Master of the Wind attends to her.
His breeze brushes her hair from her eyes.
She sees his beauty through restored eyes.
Beauty within the tides.
Here she and Creation are joined.
Her tears placed gently for Joy.

She leaves her vision of comfort.
Standing upon the rock, she views a transformation.
The tide becomes a thrashing tempest.
The sky blackens in fury.
The Wind surrounds her.
Her hair glistens with each lightening flash.
Loneliness comes to her upon the waves.
His arrow swift and furious.
Her scream of agony pierces the darkness.
The Wind speaks to her, *Peace be still.*

Her thoughts turn back to her epiphany.
Though the tempests still storm about her,
She remains strong in joy.
Though Loneliness comes to her,
She remains strong in the Wind's fellowship.
Through all, she can hear the words of her soul
Speaking words of comfort,
Peace be still.

Pieces

Pieces of a puzzle.
Fragments of memories, ideals, and hopes.
I garner the pieces within a small box.
The box fills and overflows.
I pick up the box and scatter the pieces
In hopes of finding the Big Picture.
The pieces remain jumbled.
The smooth ridges refuse to interlock.
A few connect but the picture has voids.
The picture reveals
A thrashing tempest,
An anchor of faith,
And two hands intertwined.
When will the puzzle be complete?

To the Age of Aquarius

Sounds signifying the dawn of a new age.
Guitar strings singing melodies in a foreign tongue.
Storytelling of exploits in a land far away.
Whispers in the night which echo in the mind.

Images signifying the dawn of a new age.
Deep eyes of passion, drawing the soul out of its cocoon.
Flames of passion encased in a brick wall.
A potion of red water placed in crystal.

Subtle changes in aspect signifying the dawn of a new age.
The leaving of one life for one of freedom.
A peace of indifference found in inconsistencies and heartache.
Independence pushed to a new plateau,

As I entered the dawn of a new age in me,
The Age of Aquarius.

The Picture Complete

Interlocking pieces of a jigsaw puzzle,
Perfectly shaped by the Creator.

A puzzle to be solved,
A beautiful picture to create.

The picture vivid in the mind.

Choosing each piece carefully.

The outer edges becoming complete.

The inner pieces harder to connect.

Slowly piece after piece

An end can be seen.

After a short time and much patience,

The puzzle became complete.

A beautiful scene of a man and a woman,

Joined together by a divine Hand.

The picture of true Love.

To a Death in the Light

A light shining in the darkness,
A light to show home.
Stumbling through a labyrinth of failure,
A girl desperately seeks to help others,
But she cannot find her self.
Each turn creates a new wall before her.
She longs for the Light to consume her
So a way out can be found.
Every corridor leads to a wall.
Every corner is matched by another.
Despair wages war against her soul.
All she feels, sees, and smells is pain,
As a trickle of blood flows down her cheek
From the impact of another wall.

The Light illuminates the body
And all forget.

To Thanatos

Fluids pouring out a waning soul.
The color of personality, grey.
A dense fog covers the aspect,
Leaving the visage unintelligible.
A pool of water, sweat, and blood
Begins to form about the body.
The somber corpse tries to lift itself
Out of its own self pity,
But to no avail.
The body falls to join its soul in death.
A lion dressed in clothes of black
Approaches the corpse.
His compassion flows, revitalizing the soul.
Seeing the futility of this life taken,
He bends down and clasps his lips to the corpse.
With the Kiss of Death, the soul awakens.
Deep within the hollow eyes lies a single tear.
The tear nourished the soul
Back to life in Death.

TO STORMS OF THE SOUL

To an Untitled Emotion

Rain pelting on my face.
The rhythm, my heartbeat.
No gentle spring mist,
But a tumult of wind, water, and wonder:
Why the rain falls
Upon the just so hard. . .
Like the driving beat of rock,
Music of passion,
Unleashing the storm of the soul.

To the Void

Nothing comes.
Chaos streaming.
Chaos dreaming.
Blackness
A small light.
Crash!
A shattered glass
Pain!
Blood drips,
Covering jagged edges.
Open wounds.
Scar tissue.
Longing for
A crack out of. . .
Black Chaos.

The Glass Pain

One small drop of rain
Trickles down the pane,
Gliding down the curvéd glass
To drop to an end upon the lass.

From looking within the deep, dark pits
One sees a war raging;
A foe strikes,
An ally falls.
The opening closes trapping all.

One drop of blood
Trickles down the pain,
Gliding down the curvéd glass
To drop to an end upon the lass.

A strong warrior stands within.
He stands through all weather.
A rock is thrown.
He falls, shattering like glass.

Shattering with the glass face
That one small drop of rain
Glided so smoothly down
Then to drop and shatter dreams.

The Breaking Pain

A soul turned over time after time,
Being battered on every side.
A lifetime scattered on the ground
To be garnered by strangers.
The pain shattered, leaving wounds,
Wounds which need but a touch to heal.
Rain drenching a soul,
As tears hit the pillow.
Nightmares of a rollercoaster of loneliness.
The dizziness of depression
Pierces the love of a hopeful heart.
A flicker of warm candlelight
Penetrates the darkness,
Reminding the heart of a future
Full of promises to be fulfilled.
The eyes see a picture of hands,
Reaching out in Love
Ready to comfort, protect, and love.

Loneliness Reflected

The small quiet figure slumps before me.
She raises her head.
We look deep within each other's eyes.
She sees the pain in my eyes matches hers.
I feel her rejection and loneliness.
A tear glides down her face.
It dampens my cheek.
She gives me a weak smile,
Then wipes our tear away.
I see, hear, and feel her troubled dreams.
I tell her there is hope
Even though we both feel hopeless.
The days pass slowly.
Our faces both dry and wrinkle.
The loneliness lingers.
I watch her sleep her last rest.
She died in her painful memories.
No one was there but me.

To a Cold Day in November

Unseasonal weather brings me to my knees.
Clutching the skeletal tree,
I search for the sun.
The only light found is tail lights,
Speeding past me not noticing
My desperate corpse.
Only seeing a girl driving down the road
In a pale car, travelling fast.

Nighttime falls, stealing the hope of sunlight,
Yet strengthening my soul.
I sleep.
Blinding light.
Scream!
Approaching median.
Cry!
Blinding pain.
I wake.

There is no tree to clutch.
I hold my self
For there is none to hold it.
The wind comes to soothe my sorrow.
Delicate fingers brushing my hair
From a blue eye, spilling salt.

Light spreads over the horizon
Illuminating the pool of ice about my knees.
The Dawning of winter in early November.
I lie in the snow making angels
Within the shadow of an Evergreen.

To a Dream of Blue

Waiting for a dream
Of another time and place
To transcend all reason
And reality, flying with joy
Into the liquid blue sky.
Blue skies deepened by the storm
Above the calmed sea.
An ocean of tears fall,
Disrupting the water.
The sky a reminder
Of eyes which penetrate the soul.
The clouds form,
Concealing the hue of Love;
But beyond the wall of clouds
Lies glass castles of someday
Their blue tint shining
With Love and Hope,
A vision rising above all obstacles
To shed its ambiguous label of
Dream.

To the Demon of the Desert

The heat of the sun beats down
Upon the blazing sand.
The stench of flesh rises
To the nostrils of God.
The smell being the lonely cry
Of the skeleton of a lamb.
Searching for the pasture
And a drink of water,
The skeleton is met with
An ocean of desert waste.
As the lamb falls to the ground,
Arms wrap around from behind.
Enveloped in the hug,
The lamb sleeps.
The hands wrapped about her
Dig into her skull.
The grip of the Demon
Suffocates the lamb,
Creating a skeleton
Crying to God with no Voice.

To the Transformation of Blue to Blue

Blue pools of loneliness,
Staring out the picture frame.
The colors running together,
Creating a masterpiece of Pain.

The picture dominates a girl,
Her eyes vast pools of blue.
The pieces of her heart,
Brushstrokes of red upon the canvas.

The water becomes a river,
Gliding down her face.
As blue becomes red passion,
A mosaic of confusion is formed.

Eternal streams of piece,
Connecting the pattern.
As the Artist completes the
Soul, a blue ember of Hope.

The Poem: the Healer

The pencil lay on the void paper.
Not a movement was made.
Silence was all about.

One small sound was heard.
The click of a thought understood

The pencil glided listlessly across the page.
Word after word.
Phrase after phrase.

The pencil ceased its task.
Calmly it was placed down.
A tear glided down my face
As I read the poem that released my soul.

To Nostalgia

a small figure stands
the silence is all around
it breaks, fading away as the sands
the sobbing of the figure flows 'round.

the figure ceases its cry
a picture of nostalgia appears
a flashback across the sky
wiping away the tears.

To an Infinite Loop

the brain spins in circles
 creating things unseen
 eyes droop to hide the world
 escape
 escape depression
 escape life
 escape. . . .
 i don't remember
 just escaping something
 pain
 yes
 pain
 life's pains
 something beautiful
 something full of love
 transformed into pain
 by distance
 a face dear and loved
 turns to nightmares of fantasy
 love
 an odd word
 an odd feeling
 like the buzz of alcohol
 dizzy
 fuzzy
 confusion
 why?
 why must something be given
 only to be taken away
 turned loose
 but clung tightly
 Fair?
 show me the rules
 and I'll show you fair
 unfairness. . . .
 Pain
 My point
 what point?
 only love
 only Christ
 Why did he love me?
 why did he suffer for me?
 pain
 he knew
 only he knows
 why?
 the brain spins in circles

TO NATURE

To the Moving Perspective

Sunlight fades along the horizon.
The mobil cuts through the still air,
Creating a tunnel of rushing wind.
Picturesque landscapes pass by framed in the window.

Magnificent green forests of richly-dressed trees.
Rolling hills dotted with grazing livestock,
a wide variance of colors of freshly-tilled earth.
Barns and houses showing no signs of life,
Only flaunting their ability to compliment nature.

Tiny people going on with life
Unaware that they hold a place in the picture.
Cities and towns teeming with life captured as a blur.
Brief friendships made through the sharing of smiles.

So much of nature can be seen
Through the mobil frame.
Joy is found in capturing the moving picture
Within a poet's perspective.

Home Within the Clouds

A Fresh new outlook.
Beauty seen through Another's eyes.
Enveloped in blue air,
Vast blue air.

Cradled within the arms of God
Upon the top of clouds
Flying with the Master of the Wind
Into the eye of Nature.

Looking out a window
Instead of longingly peering in.
No longer an outsider,
But now I'm home.

To Skeletons in the Wind

Deadened limbs sleeping in the cold,
Dreaming of the warmth of spring.
The color of death without.
The pulse of life within.
Sturdy warriors braving the elements,
Flaunting the valor of their armor.
Swaying with the wind,
In intimate conversation,
Creating music only heard with the soul.
Each tip growing impatient for color.
Beauty wrapped within the death
Of the Skeletons in the Wind.

To the Mesa Calling

A voice of heat,
Riding upon a cool breeze
Brushes my hair from a blue eye,
Raining down my cheek.

The pungent smell of juniper,
Filling my lungs
As I breathe deeply,
Longing for a world far away.

Vision of cliffs of God-made granite,
Evading my mind,
Reminding me to strive upward,
That the plateau is within reach.

TO THE DIVINE

To the True Love

Nothing can express
The love I hold for You.
Nothing can replace
The love You hold for me.
Nothing can remove
The love between us two
My only gift: My Life.
Your boundless gift: Your Love.

Cries from the Bathroom

Locked in a place where time is irrelevant.
Imprisoned within a dim, lonely life.
Trapped within a wounded soul.
Slumped upon the dull-colored tiles.
I cried out from the bathroom floor.

I emptied my sorrows to God.
Havoc from the weapons of pain assaulted.
Fire from the ignition of anger seared.
Laughter from the voice of ridicule taunted.
My plea echoed through the air.

From within, a tiny patient tapping was heard.
A Spirit of comfort filled in the pieces.
He gathered the rubble left from pain's reign of terror.
He quenched anger's fire with living water.
He composed a song to cease ridicule's laughter.

Upon the bathroom floor sat a new person.
The tears of another time and place brushed away
By the Savior's loving hand.

To the Renewal

Bro Pieces
ken of a steadfast he
art.

The pieces are garnered
Peace

By the Master's loving hand.
His hand clasps my hand tightly.
He heals all *wounds*.

Leaving Peace
Peace Soul Peace
Peace

And complete *JOY*.

To an Offered Life

How can one be sure of one's self
If no one else is sure?
How can one be confident
If no one offers confidence?
How can one hold his head high
If no one offers support?
How can one get up from a fall
If no one lends a hand?
How can one live
Unless Someone dies?

Romans 5:3

A wound inflicted into the soul.
 "We rejoice in our sufferings."
The weapon twisted increasing the pain.
 "Suffering produces perserverance."
The incision heals around the weapon.
 "Perserverance produces character."
A scar formed, concealing the life blood within.
 "Character produces hope."
The hand releases the weapon.
 "And hope doesn't disappoint us."
A loving Father removes the weapon.
 "God has poured out His love."
A small trickle of blood glides down my back.
 "We rejoice in our sufferings."

To a Church

Strength poured within the foundation of Faith.
Walls of protection formed by the Creator's hands.
Each brick bringing individuality to the form.
Proclamation of the Word, the bell behind the pulpit.
The pillars line up side by side,
Boasting their Corinthian heads.
Within the facade, hidden within a mass of angels,
A solitary Gargoyle sits, observing all.
Living within the paradox of his position,
His face twists in pain.
Knowledge of his beauty in the midst of angels
Inconsistent with his purpose to ward off evil.
Thus, this lonely gargoyle is doomed
Upon the wall of the Church.

To the Touch of Immortality

A connection between the divine and the soul
Of a human still bound to this earth with his life.
The infusion of common with glory beyond
Comprehension of mind and the body in part.
Yet this union happens in a moment of time
With acceptance of life in abundance, complete.
An eternal communion between the Maker
And the Made.

To the Red, White and Blue

Red blood flowed down the cross.
A crimson stream of love seeping into the wood.
A blood-stained cross in replace for sins.

A white robe of purity and innocence.
A clean slate from sin.
A holy Lamb reddened to whiten His people.

A midnight blue sky of mourning.
Mourning for the death of the Son of God.
Precursor to the power of the Third Day.

Colors to represent Freedom.
Not the freedom of a country,
But the freedom of the nation
Of God's children.

To a Crossed Tree

Grains of wood dusty from the world's scorn.
Taken from life within the ground
Turned into death and destruction.
Rusty nails bind the wood
Into a cross of murder.
Upon the cross lie the lives of thieves
Hung for public ridicule.
The blood of sinners flow
Down the decaying wood.
One cross held the sin of all.
Upon that one tree all died
Through the death
Of the only Perfect "thief";
The Christ, the Messiah, the Son of God.

To the Divine Connection

A legend filled goblet of blood.
A truth filled goblet of blood.
A remembrance filled goblet of wine.
Sweet fellowship with the divine in all.

Flesh torn from a burdened body.
Flesh torn from a divine body.
Bread torn from a symbolic body.
Sweet fellowship with the divine in all.

O Lord, Praise You for the
Goblet of blood and the Flesh
Given for our redemption so that
There would be divine in all.

To the Science of Faith

People reaching out to grasp the mind.
A measure of reality to find.
Faith and reason wage the fight.
Men separating knowledge to find the right.
Proof of a belief became Philosophy.
Belief of a proof became Theology.
Amidst all thoughts man was lost.
Losing their love of God was the cost.
Analysis of God led to a broken heart.
The bond between man and God torn apart.
Joy lost within the rituals of State.
The loss of faith was their fate.
The eyes of man were dry.
Within heaven one could hear the Creator cry.

DEDICATIONS

To My Invisible Love

Warmth from another not present.
Invisible arms encompass me.
A tender voice within my mind,
Directing my thought and actions.
A bubbly laugh chuckling at my stupidity,
Allowing me to see, understand and laugh.
A smile glittering in the darkness,
Showing me everything is fine.
Rugged, strong hands wiping away
The tears streaming down my face.
Crystal eyes seeing through all facades
Hiding my very soul.
Eyes which plea for me,
Pleading for me never to forget.
A body of a man not beautiful, but perfect
Weighted down with my stupidity,
My ignorance, my faults, my sins.
Upon two nails He balances
The world and heaven.
In my pain I look and find
Two strong out-stretched hands
Reaching in Love and Compassion.
Two hands scared by the brutality
Of my sins that died with Him
Upon the Cross.

To the Lions of my Life

Within the jungle
Sounds permeating the air,
Stalk two lions.
Both alike and different.
Two sets of penetrating eyes
Searing my soul,
Seeing fear, caution, and love.
Blue-tinted noticing commitment
Brown-trusted noting the passion within.
Roars much bigger than
The attack could ever be
Roars loud enough
To purr in Contentment.

To My Antonius

Like Cleo I'm drawn to your gaze.
Eyes which lure me to their colored waters,
Leaving me too breathless to escape.
A sparkling spirit to fly undaunted,
Tempting all to try and touch the sky.
Laughter erupting forth to entice a smile.
A smile hiding wit, sarcasm, and innuendos.
Loyal when the need suits ambition.
Trustworthy to the point where you can be moved.
Steadfastness only past the point of deception.
The tangled web you weave has caught many,
None unlike myself, Queen of the Nile.

à Une Amie: Ma Professeur

Une porte ouverte à la connaissance.
Un fenêtre à la éstranger culture.
Un professeur strict avec les leçons.
Une amie clément avec la inquiétude.
Une statue respecter et admirer.
Une pilier appuyer sur.
Quatre ans ma professeur.
Pour toujours ma amie.

To the Lion's Roar

Trumpets sounded the great event.
Throngs of people came to watch with glee.
For the participants their time was spent.
Nothing was left; no hopes to be free.

The woman looked outside her cell.
No tears fell from her eyes
Only a prayer to her God,
Not a prayer of deliverance,
But praise for peace.

A lion paced back and forth,
Scanning his perspective between his bars.
The noise of the people stirred his blood.
He anxiously awaited what was to come.
Though he didn't understand his role.
All he knew was of the hunger within him.

A soldier pushed the woman
To the center of the colosseum.
She fell to the ground with the force.
The crowd's shouts rose to hell.
She got to her feet and faced her Leaders.
Her eyes searing their souls, sealing their eternity.
She turned to face Death, head high to heaven.

The crowd roared.

- To the nameless martyrs who died for the sake of righteousness

To Madeleine

The Fantastic reality of life revealed.
Inspirations transformed into tales of truth
Hidden within worlds of wonder and escape.
Persons created from a spark of imagination,
Affix themselves to a page of a manuscript.
Identifications with the passage of life,
Readers gaining understanding.

Interweavings of images and truth,
Windows into the soul of one treasured.
Wise musings which chart the flow
Of the air currents within the heart.
Visions of a world full of wonder and hope.
A world to be respected, experienced, and loved.
Readers gaining understanding of themselves.

A woman diligently searching,
Recording her search to aid others.
A lonely child learns of life and love
Through the words of her soul,
Drawn out by the creativity of the woman.
The inspired training the uninspired
Thus renewing the seed of the Imagination.

To Sir Richard

A hush spreads over the room,
As Sir Richard majestically steps forth.
His air high above all,
But not too aloof to care for the peasants.

He takes his place among the other Knights,
All known for their escapades of gallantry.
Dragons slew by their sword.
Damsels saved from distress.
The hearts not always residing in the chest.
A strict code of honor placed upon their Lives.

Sir Richard, the non-conformist Knight,
Battles dragons daily, conquering all
With his trusty red sword,
Saves lovely damsels from boredom
With his sparking wit and charm,
And trains his apprentices for the world
With his wisdom.

All Hail, Sir Richard, the Lion-hearted.

To My Family

Love courses through my veins.
Water spills through my eyes.
Years pass quickly,
Aging ones treasured.
Love ferments with age,
Increasing the value of family.
Though situations change,
Storms come and go,
And hearts ache,
One thing endures:
The Love of my most treasured gift
And my Love for them.
My Family.
Blood truly is thicker than
The tears falling down my face.